

# THE STUDY CHRONICLE



MIDSUMMER 1942



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The Study

# The Study

SEAFORTH AVENUE · MONTREAL



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MIDSUMMER, NINETEEN FORTY-TWO





#### SIXTH FORM

Back Row:—Ina Grimaldi (prefect), Francoise Lhomme, Minda Bronfman  
Frances Barnes (prefect), Daphne Smith, Joan Gilmour.

Front Row:—Elizabeth Macdonald (prefect), Elizabeth Hopkins (prefect),  
Claire Fisher (Head Girl), Sheila Mercer (prefect), Margaret Turner-Bone.



#### BASKET-BALL TEAMS

SECOND TEAM, standing:—Elizabeth Macdonald, Elizabeth Dawes, Diana Davis,  
Elizabeth Hopkins (Captain), Sheila Mercer, Dorothy Downes, Mary Brocklebank.

FIRST TEAM, sitting:—Ina Grimaldi, Frances Barnes, Claire Fisher (Captain), Betty  
Capon, Sheila Montgomery, Louise Macfarlane.



## TEACHING STAFF

Head Mistress: Miss MARY G. HARVEY, M. A.  
McGill University and Radcliffe College

Miss AMY BELFORD Nova Scotia Primary Certificate	<i>Lower A Form</i>
Miss R. B. BLANCHARD, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M., Toronto Conservatory of Music	<i>Singing</i>
Mlle. M. BODIER Licence d'Anglais complète de la Sorbonne	<i>French, Middle School</i>
Miss MARGARET BURRIS B.A. Dalhousie University	<i>Geography</i>
Miss SUZANNE BUTLER British Columbia Teachers' Certificate	<i>Upper B Form</i>
Mme. GAUDION Brevet Supérieur, l'Université de Lille.	<i>French</i>
Miss NANCY GRIFFIN, Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union.	<i>Senior Mistress, Lower School</i>
Miss H. HAGUE, M.A. McGill University.	<i>History</i>
Miss A. H. HANCOX, Senior Mistress Honours, Oxford Higher Local.	<i>English</i>
Mlle. MADELEINE HOUPERT Diplôme d'Enseignement de la Musique dans les Ecoles, Paris.	<i>French, Lower School</i>
Miss W. G. INDGE Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union.	<i>Lower III Form</i>
Mrs. MARJORIE JAMIESON Intermediate Diploma, Macdonald College.	<i>Lower B</i>
Miss G. E. MARSH, B.A. University of London.	<i>Classics</i>
Miss D. E. MOORE McGill School of Physical Education.	<i>Drill &amp; Games</i>
Miss SYLVIA SANDERS, B.A. University of Bristol.	<i>Geography</i>
Miss ETHEL SEATH	<i>Art</i>
Miss E. F. VOWLES, B.Sc. University of Bristol.	<i>Mathematics &amp; Physics</i>
Miss F. M. WALLACE, B.Sc., M.A. Radcliffe College.	<i>Science</i>

## ... Editorial ...

*"Alle is buxumnesse there, and bookes for to rede and to lerne,  
And grete love and lykynge for each of hem loveth other."*

PIERS PLOWMAN

The magazine has changed its form this year. We have decided to condense this edition of The Study Chronicle into a war edition. In wartime we do not want to trespass on the generosity of firms by asking for advertisements, and we have had to do without that financial aid. However the Old Girls have made a substantial donation for which we are most grateful. Another change has been made in that the Sixth Form, for the first time in many years, has edited the magazine. We wished to relieve the Old Girls of this duty since so many of them are occupied with war work, and since it is our magazine we wanted to take a more active part in it. We hope that our efforts have been successful.

As you can see that ominous word "war" springs up many times, and the war has had its effect on the School. Although war creates terrible misery and hardship, it also brings in its wake the necessity for the building of strong character and for the strengthening of will. It is a peculiarity of nature that man is at his best in a crisis. This has been demonstrated in our world at The Study. There has been a wonderful spirit of co-operation during the year between the girls and the Staff. We have worked together, as at the Bazaar and the Latin Tea Party, and in other efforts to help the war. The Forms have done well in studies, inspired no doubt by the spirit of "doing the job" which prevails throughout the land. Just as the free nations are united in their purpose of winning the war, so we of The Study are united in our resolve to do everything to the best of our ability and to be satisfied with no half measures. During the year we have shared activities with other schools—the spirit of co-operation at work again—such as a tennis match with Trafalgar, a musical afternoon with girls of Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's, and a concert attended by Weston, Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's and ourselves. Even in playing the game we reaped the reward of unity and won both basketball cups. This then has been a fruitful year.

All of us realise that although the prosecution of the war is the foremost job to be done to-day, we ourselves shall be occupied with the task of reconstruction. "All the world's a stage." At present our elders hold the stage, but we shall soon make our entrance and shall be called upon to fill various roles. Here at school we are trained to fill them. Countless times we have cried "Why must I take Latin?" "I'm no mathematician!" "I can't sing!" and "Why take Drill when it makes me stiff?" All these activities are of great value as they help to make us well rounded individuals. Through the liberal education which we enjoy we are able to discover where our talents lie, and in this way each and every one of us will be ready to take her place in the new world which we hope will rise after the war.

# 1941 · SCHOOL CALENDAR · 1942

- September 10th — Middle & Upper Schools opened.  
 September 11th — Lower School opened.  
 September 12th — First House-meetings of year.  
 September 15th — Upper School elected Head Girl.  
 September 22nd — Prefects Appointed.  
 September 25th — Tennis Tournament with Trafalgar.
- October 7th — SALE OF WORK by whole school.  
 October 13th — Half-Term Holiday.
- November 18th — School went to concert of Victoria Anderson & Viola Morris at Tudor Hall.  
 November 18th — Basket-ball match with Miss Edgar's & Miss Cramps.  
 November 26th — Basket-ball match with Weston.
- December 2nd — "Polly Patchwork", play by Upper III, in aid of Queen's Canadian Funds.  
 December 4th — Basket-ball match with Trafalgar.  
 December 6th — Inter-House Badminton doubles.  
 December 11th — Inter-House Basket-ball Matches.  
 December 12th — "Spreading the News", play by Sixth & Upper V.  
 December 16th — Junior School Christmas Party.  
 December 16th — Finals of Inter-House Basket-ball Matches.  
 December 18th — "Ces Dames aux Chapeaux Verts" by Middle V.  
 December 18th — Christmas Carols, by whole school.  
 December 19th — Junior School plays for the school.  
 December 19th — Christmas Carols, by school & "Old Girls."  
 December 23th — School closed for Christmas holidays.
- January 7th — School reopened.  
 January 22nd — Basket-ball match with Miss Edgar's & Miss Cramps.
- February 5th — Basket-ball match with Weston.  
 February 16th — Basket-ball match with Trafalgar.  
 February 20th-23rd, — Half-Term Holiday.  
 February 25th — Basket-ball match with Trafalgar (Play-Offs).  
 February 28th — Annual Interscholastic Ski Meet held by Penguins at St. Sauveur.
- March 9th — Latin Tea Party by Lower V, to buy War Savings Stamps.  
 March 16th — "The Little Man", by Upper School.

April	1st	—	Concert at school by McGill String Quartet.
April	2nd	—	School closed for Easter holidays.
April	14th	—	School reopened.
May	18th	—	Lower School Open Day.
May	19th	—	Inter-House Tennis Singles.
May	20th	—	Sports Day.
May	21st	—	Lower IV. Plays on the mountain.
May	27th	—	"Cinderella", an operetta by Third Forms, & dancing by Fourth Forms & Upper School.
May	25th	—	Half-Term Holiday.
June	2nd	—	Concert & dancing.
June	4th	—	Swimming Meet.
June	9th	—	Annual Church Service at Christ Church Cathedral.
June	10th	—	School closing.



## ... Good-Bye ...

At the end of the Christmas Term, the school was very sorry to have to say good-bye to Miss Sanders, or rather Mrs. Sautelle, who left us shortly after her marriage to Sgt. Peter Sautelle of the Royal Australian Air Force. Mrs. Sautelle had been in the school three and a half years, and during that time she made herself so loved by all the girls and taught us Geography so ably that we all felt it a very great loss to have her go. However, the whole school wishes her and her husband the best of luck and happiness.



## ... Welcome ...

In January, we had the good fortune to welcome in Mrs. Sautelle's place Miss Burris, who came to us from a school in Vancouver. We hope that she likes Montreal and has been happy here, but we wish that she were not leaving us at the end of the year; we hope too that she has the best of luck in the future.



# 1941 · ROLL CALL · 1942

*Head Girl* — Claire Fisher  
*Games Captain* — Elizabeth Hopkins

## KAPPA RHO

Sixth—Elizabeth Hopkins (Head of House)  
 Frances Barnes (Sub-Head)  
 Ina Grimaldi (Games Captain)  
 Daphne Smith  
 Joan Gilmour

Upper V:—Francine Cole  
 Joan Mason

Middle V:—Sheila Beaton  
 Dorothy Downes  
 Pauline Little  
 Sheila Ramsay

Lower V (1):—Mary-Lea Featherstonhaugh  
 Janet Gilmour  
 Linda Hodgson  
 Barbara Jellett  
 Bryony Plant

Lower V (2):—Charlotte Butler  
 Marie Lyall  
 Margot McDougall

Upper IV:—Nancy Bignell  
 Margaret Little

Lower IV:—Kathryn Mason  
 Lorna MacDougall  
 Cynthia Plant  
 Jane Ramsay  
 Barbara Wales  
 Simone Sallans

Upper III:—Barbara Beall  
 Elizabeth Ann Berlyn  
 Katherine Paterson  
 Jennifer Porteous

Lower III:—Lucy Hodgson  
 Sally McDougall  
 Mary Newcomb  
 Shirley Anne Wales

## DELTA BETA

Sixth:—Elizabeth Macdonald (Head of House)  
 Minda Bronfman (Sub-Head)  
 Margaret Turner Bone (Games Captain)

Upper V:—Brigit Bell  
 Anne Bond  
 Isobel Chapman  
 Anne Grafftey  
 Mary Hanson  
 Vickie Reynolds

Middle V:—Phyllis Bronfman  
 Rosemary Grier  
 Sheila Montgomery  
 Elizabeth Turner Bone

Lower V (1):—Phillida Brewis  
 Nonie Cronyn  
 Susan Reynolds

Lower V (2):—Barbara Heward  
 Eve Osler  
 Dorothy Walter

Upper IV:—Joy Ballon  
 Barbara Christmas  
 Mary Hugessen  
 Cynthia Landry

Lower IV:—Ann Armstrong  
 Frances Currie  
 Elizabeth Fleming  
 Rosamond McDougall  
 Mary Robertson

Upper III:—Sarah Aitken  
 Margot Ballon  
 Marigold Savage  
 Mary Stewart  
 Mary Tellier

Lower III:—Willa Benson  
 Venetia Brewis  
 Grace Raymond  
 Anne Sansom

# 1941 · ROLL CALL · 1942

## MU GAMMA

Sixth:—Sheila Mercer (Sub-Head)

Upper V:—Isabel McGill (Head of House)  
Mary Brocklebank (Games Captain)

Middle V:—Sheila Clarkson  
Helen MacLure  
Constance Pope  
Cynthia Sassoon

Lower V (I):—Ann Brocklebank  
Stephanie Hale  
Louise Macfarlane  
Kathleen Root  
Mary Warlow  
Joan Wight

Lower V ((2):—Joan Bronson  
Nancy McGill

Upper IV:—Elsbeth Lindsay  
Shirley McCall  
Joan Notman  
Madeleine Parsons

Lower IV:—Pannie Barr  
Eleanor Lindsay  
Cathy-Ann Notman  
Marjorie Root  
Shirley Wight

Upper III:—Sheila Campbell  
Sally Mathews  
Barbara MacLean  
Belle MacLean

Lower III:—Linda Ballantyne  
Deirdre Barr  
Ann Bushell  
Jill Crossen  
Joanna McLeod  
Mary Spencer-Nairn  
Dilys Williams  
Joan Young

## BETA LAMBDA

Sixth:—Claire Fisher (Head of House)  
Francoise Lhomme

Upper V:—Diana Davis (Sub-Head)  
Betty Capon (Games Captain)  
Pamela Ponder

Middle V:—Elizabeth Dawes  
Gwendolen Marler  
Barbara Miller  
Barbara Tidmarsh

Lower V (I):—Mary Fisher  
Roslyn Robertson

Lower V (2):—Anne Morgan  
Audrey MacDermot  
Mary Lee Putman  
Marjorie Wiggs  
Sally Wilson

Upper IV:—Louise Marler  
Eve Marler  
Martha Morgan  
Rosina McCarthy  
Elizabeth Parkin  
Jean Rutherford

Lower IV:—Frances Hodge  
June Marler  
Elizabeth McLennan

Upper III:—Willa Birks  
Patsy MacDermot  
Jane McCarthy  
Jocelyn Rutherford  
Diana Sutherland  
Nancy Todd  
June Walker

Lower III:—Martha Fisher  
Ursula Johnston  
Diana Mather  
Sylvia Ponder

# 1941 · JUNIOR SCHOOL · 1942



## UPPER A

Tessa Bendixson	Beryl-Jean Lanctot	Daphne Pangman
Pauline Brackenbury	Verity Molson	Susan Porteous
Gail Cottingham	Joan Mackay	Cynthia Scott
Mary-Anne Currie	Meriel MacLean	Gerda Thomas
Virginia Govier	Margaret Notman	Priscilla Wanklyn
Ann Hutchison	Sandrea Ogilvie	Norma Wight
Mary-Jane Hutchison	Philippa Osler	

## LOWER A

Helen Belcher	Angela Johns	Margaret-Isabella Rogers
Barbara Dawes	Jannie Leipoldt	Mary Stavert
Joan Fraser	Willa Ogilvie	Judith Thomas
Diana Gaherty	Anne Pangman	Sheila White
Efa Heward	Nancy Pollock	Carolyn Whitehead
Joanne Hodgson		

## UPPER B

Jane Aitken	Diana Drew	Deirdre Molson
Jennifer Brabant	Joan Evans	Barbara Macintosh
Frances Bushell	Faith Heward	Brydon McCarthy
Deirdre Child	Gillian Le Page	Jill McConnell
Tish Dawes	Susan Marler	Pamela Pasmore
	Sandra Mc Dougall	Sally Sharwood

## LOWER B

Fiona Bogert	Sally Parsons
Annabell Mitchell	Valerie Ross
Margaret Ogilvie	



## SHORT THOUGHT ON DISSECTING A RABBIT IN BIOLOGY

When the rabbit in the sun  
Ate the radishes one by one  
Did it think that it would be  
Dissected in Biology?

V. REYNOLDS, *Upper V*



The English government is a liberal mockery.



## ... Sport Notes ...

Both basketball teams have worked hard this year, and under Miss Moore's excellent coaching and after a hard struggle they have managed to win both cups. The teams were as follows:—

<i>First Team</i>		<i>Second Team</i>
Louise Macfarlane	Shots	Elizabeth Hopkins
Betty Capon	"	Sheila Mercer
Ina Grimaldi	Shooting Centre	Elizabeth Dawes
Claire Fisher	Defense Centre	Dorothy Downes
Frances Barnes	Defense	Elizabeth Macdonald
Sheila Montgomery	"	Mary Brocklebank
	"	Diana Davis

The scores for the games were:—

	<i>First Team</i>	<i>Second Team</i>
Nov. 18—vs. Miss Edgar's	19—46 Victory	15—46 Victory.
Nov. 26—vs. Weston	19—78 Victory	4—64 Victory.
Dec. 4—vs. Trafalgar	26—29 Victory	4—12 Victory
Jan. 22—vs. Miss Edgar's	26—49 Victory	10—10 Tie.
Feb. 5—vs. Weston	11—46 Victory	6—18 Victory.
Feb. 16—vs. Trafalgar	24—20 Defeat	6—14 Victory.
Feb. 25—vs. Trafalgar	21—22 Victory	(Play Off.)

In skiing we were also very successful, for our Senior Ski Team won the combined downhill and slalom races in the annual Schoolgirls Meet held by the Penguin Ski Club at St. Sauveur, and brought home the Molson Trophy which is now in our Assembly Hall for the second successive year. We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Austin, who was our ski instructress this year, for her valuable aid which certainly helped the team win the trophy. The four girls on the team were:—Margaret Turner-Bone, Elizabeth Turner-Bone, Claire Fisher, and Betty Capon.

We have also played tennis in the autumn, and badminton between the tennis and skiing seasons, in both these sports Mu Gamma has won the inter-house matches. We are now looking forward to Sports Day and the Swimming Meet in which the other houses will endeavour to give Mu Gamma some stiff competition for the House Games Cup.

ELIZABETH HOPKINS, Games Captain.

## ... Dramatic Notes ...

During the Christmas term, the Sixth form acted "Spreading the News" and the Middle Fifth, "Ces Dames aux Chapeaux Verts", two very entertaining plays. The former is an Irish comedy by Lady Gregory and shows how false rumours spread gathering momentum like a snowball.

"Ces Dames aux Chapeaux Verts" is a very amusing French play and was directed by Mlle. Bodier. The chief character is Arlette, the modern young girl who arrived in the house of her four old maiden aunts with a bicycle and golf clubs and shocked them completely.

In the Easter term the Upper Third acted "Polly Patchwork", a play from the story by Rachel Field. The story is about a little girl who wins a spelling match by asking her dead cousin, who has appeared to her in a dream, how to spell Mississippi.

Also in this term, members of the three upper forms acted "The Little Man" by John Galsworthy. It is a farcical comedy and the scenes are in a railway station and railway carriage in Austria. The time is just before the last war. All the characters are of different nationalities and the little man, who is of mixed descent, shows the good points of each nation represented.

We are looking forward to the musical play "Cinderella" to be acted soon by members of the Lower and Upper Third. Two other plays to be acted on the mountain are "The Sentimental Scarecrow" and "Grannie Down the Well" which will be presented by the Lower Fourth.

Due to the kindness and guidance of Miss Hancox the school has been entertained by these plays. We should like to thank her very much for her efforts, and we also wish to thank Miss Seath for the lovely scenery.

PHILLIDA BREWIS — LINDA HODGSON



### THE FORGET-ME-NOT

I am blue  
And very small,  
I live in the ground  
With my family all.

I'm much too small  
To be put in a pot,  
But although you can't see me  
Forget-me-not!

C. PLANT, *Lower IV*

## ... Art Notes ...

Art has gone on during the year in its usual interesting way, with classes in the mornings for the Junior and Middle Schools and extra lessons fitted in for the girls taking their matriculation in Art.

The younger students spent many happy hours making models of clay which are finished in bright colours and polished with wax to give a soft shine. Other girls carried out their ideas on large sheets of paper, with colourful splashes of poster paints. Papier maché masks have been turned out by the score. Noticeable this year were a number of hand puppets, their heads being made in the same manner. In the smaller masks the girls sew on the clothes, then add hands and feet of paper.

Another accomplishment has been the making of attractive paper plates painted with designs in gorgeous colours and covered with shellac as a preservative.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons many older girls returned to do the usual work, added to which was the painting of scenery and plays produced by the school during the year. Posters were made for The Protestant Orphans Home and the Foster Home Centre. First, second and an honourable mention were obtained in the "Food for Health, Health for Victory" poster competition.

The school has on exhibition a number of children's paintings in the Children's Exhibition at the Art Association this year, to which we were invited to contribute.

Extremely interesting classes in History of Art were given by Miss Seath to the Sixth form. The English, Dutch, French, Italian, Canadian and American schools of painting were studied.

Altogether this has been a most successful, interesting and beneficial year.

ANN GRAFFTEY



### SPRING

It's Spring again and now we see,  
The greenery on the Lilac Tree:  
And everywhere new life is stirring,  
The birds appear, their wings a-whirring;  
Old Winter slowly glides away,  
And breezes, soft, come here to stay;  
T'is such a lovely time of year,  
I wish that it were always here!

DIANA SUTHERLAND, *Upper III*



## ... Music Notes ...

This has been a very interesting year in the musical life of the school.

In the Christmas Term the school went to Tudor Hall and heard a concert given by Victoria Anderson and Viola Morris, two English singers. We enjoyed it very much, especially as they sang songs we knew, some of which we sing in school.

In the Easter Term there was great excitement among the girls when they learned that the McGill String Quartet was coming to play for them. And come it did on a Wednesday morning. The whole school heard the concert and all enjoyed it immensely.

We have been singing many three-part songs this year and the Upper School is now starting to learn its first four-part song which will be a great triumph when we can sing it perfectly.

The Third Forms are going to give a performance of the operetta "Cinderella". The whole school is looking forward to seeing it.

Piping has become a greater part of the musical interest in the school. It is now, for the first time, part of the school curriculum. The Fourth Forms have a regular lesson once a week, in the morning. There are now about fifty pipers, which is about a quarter of the number of girls in the school.

We are now looking forward to and preparing for our Summer Term Concert and Church Service, both of which we wish to make just as successful as in other years.

ELIZABETH MACDONALD



### GOSSIP'S GOSPEL

I will publish the news to the world,  
I will give to the world my opinion;  
I will polish up all I receive,  
And pass it on so much the better.  
For what use but to speak is the mouth?  
For what use but to think is the brain?  
I will speak just as fast as I think—  
I will try to think so much the faster.  
I will talk away hours with my neighbour,  
And derive great pleasure therefrom.  
They say speech doth cultivate brain-power  
Therefore my brain must be powerful.

The world is open to me.  
I will go, talk to it and be merry.

MARY K. HUGESSEN, *Upper IV.*

## ... Guide Notes ...

This year we were very sorry to have to say good-bye to Captain Patch. However we were glad to welcome in her place, Captain Tees, who was our Lieutenant last year, and also twelve new recruits.

Because of this addition to the Company we brought back the Trillium Patrol. We are glad to have with us Marcia Beeman, who was a Guide in England, and became the Second of the new patrol. We now have five patrols.

At the beginning of the year we had a big enrollment, to which all the parents were invited, and later on two other guides were enrolled.

This year Central District was invited by Westmount to attend a song festival, which was held under the direction of Mr. Weatherseed.

In March, Captain Tees and the Patrol Leaders went up North for a day's skiing at St. Sauveur. It was great fun, and we hope to do it again next year.

During the Easter Term the whole Company worked hard on a St. John's Ambulance badge, in which Captain Tees coached us. The results of the examination were very good, as everyone passed.

A lot of Guides are going to camp this summer, and we hope to have a good time together.

LOUISE MACFARLANE — EVE OSLER



### THE BREEZE

Whispering in the trees, ruffling up the lake,  
Setting bluebells ringing a chorus in its wake.  
Swooping down the hillside, in and out of trees,  
Madly, gaily — that's the little breeze.

Down some sleepy hollow, through a drowsy town,  
Puffing all before him, capering like a clown.  
Flinging all about him, as he sails up in the air,  
Laughing and dancing in his life of little care.

Whistling down the chimneys, swinging on the gates,  
Making all the townsfolk shiver by their grates.  
Moaning in the eaves, banging tight the shutters,  
Swirling the fitful water a-gurgling down the gutters.

Blowing off of hats, tossing up of hair,  
Laughing up his sleeve, as he rushes through the air  
Bewitching little rascal, as happy as can be,  
Soaring through the wide world, just out for a spree.

JOY BALLON, *Upper IV.*

## ... *Life on a Farm* ...

Last summer I decided to spend my time in a useful as well as an interesting way. Farming was the work I chose, and I set out at the beginning of August, little guessing what lay before me.

My reception by the French farmer was a most disconcerting ordeal. I was introduced to the farmer's wife, and left to stutter halting French at her (none of the family knew English) until the men came in from the fields. I soon realized that I was considered an extraordinary individual by the family. I wanted to farm,—that in itself seemed strange,—but, I was a girl! The three men came in at last and stood in an awkward line, too shy to speak, but too curious to refrain from staring. I looked modestly at the floor and listened to the ticking of the clock. Never had I felt so like a museum piece. At length, having scrutinized me from head to foot in silent amazement, they turned their minds to supper.

The following morning I crawled shivering out of bed at the ungodly hour of 5 a.m., washed in icy water, and sought my companions. I helped the men perform the daily chores of feeding the animals, etc., and then came in to breakfast shortly after seven. I then tasted the first of the many meals I was to have there,—consisting of meat, boiled potatoes, pie and bread and molasses. This menu was as constant as the sunrise. Three times a day, seven days a week, it was always the same. I was surprised to find how welcome even such food is after several hours' work out of doors.

As each day was as interesting as the preceding one, I must restrict this account to the highlights of my visit. My first two days were a prolonged nightmare. I spent eight hours each day loading wood on to a wagon, unloading it at the wood shed and stacking it. I was soon so stiff that it was agony to move, and I still am incapable of going past a woodpile without a shudder.

My other experiences, however, were all of a more congenial nature. One of these, although great fun, was rather hopeless. I was told to wash the windows in the pig sty. We started in quite cheerfully,—the pigs and I,—and made rapid progress until I went outside and started to do the outside of the windows. The pigs, however, being sociable creatures by nature, did their best to maintain a conversation by grunting and rubbing their snouts on the glass. When fifty-four pigs start doing this together, the effect on a once clean window pane is somewhat disastrous.

My first attempt to drive a tractor was nearly my last. I was taken into the middle of a wide field with no trees or fences near by, and shown what to do. I settled myself in the driver's seat, and my instructor sat on the mudguard. I started the engine. So far so good. I then released the clutch, but so suddenly that I started off at a mad rate, precipitating my poor teacher into the dirt behind me. I could go, but where were the brakes? I careered round the field over boulders and through ditches, and at last I was able to stop and pick up my long-suffering instructor.



Milking a cow was another novelty. I watched the farmer for a few minutes, and was then told it was my turn. I sat down rather gingerly, placed the bucket firmly between my knees, and pulled. Nothing happened. Seeing a grin beginning to spread over the face of the farmer, I took my courage in both hands and gave a mighty tug, which produced the desired effect. The only trouble was that either the cow's or my sense of direction was a little out, for looking round I found the bucket empty, but the farmer streaming with milk! Soon, however, the cow and I began to understand each other a little better, and thereafter I could milk.

My work with poultry was usually with corpses. I was introduced into the art of plucking them one day when forty cockerels were slaughtered. I had no desire to learn how to kill them, but plucking is a most interesting business. We removed the larger feathers with our fingers, and the smaller ones by the aid of a blunt knife. Their heads had then to be tied up in neat parcels, their wings folded, and the birds were ready for market.

On one occasion one of the hens developed a tumour, and I was told to catch her and put her in a separate cage. I didn't realize that there is a special hook for catching them, so the race was equal on both sides. We went into the hen house, out the other side, round the barnyard under the hoppers, leaving chaos everywhere. We finally ended up face to face underneath the nests, mutually annoyed.

The climax of the summer was a triple wedding which took place in the neighbourhood. One of the farm-hands had two sisters and a brother getting married together. There was great excitement at the house. The weekly bath day was changed from Saturday to Tuesday, and one of the men even had a haircut. The whole family departed at 7.30 one morning, and nothing more was seen of them until 3.30 the following morning.

I left the farm shortly after this, having enjoyed one of the most interesting summers of my life.

SHEILA MERCER, *Sixth Form*



## SPRING

Spring at last is really here,  
Everything is bright and clear:  
Birds are singing on the bough,  
Summer soon will be here now.

The crocus and the snowdrop are popping up their heads,  
The daffodils and tulips are sprouting in their beds;  
Buds are forming on the trees,  
And begin to hear the bees.

SARAH AITKEN, *Upper III.*

# How Buying Victory Bonds Helps Me and My Family

(Prize-Winning Essay)

I wonder how many of us have really thought about what would happen to us if no one bought Victory Bonds. I wonder if everyone realises the grave danger our country is in today, a danger which can only be averted by the purchase of Victory Bonds. We take our liberty for granted over here, we have always been able to speak our minds, listen to what we wish to on the radio and worship in any Church we please. Have we ever thought for a moment what our lives in Canada would be like without these privileges?

We are lucky in having the United States as a neighbour, lucky in living for years in peace, and never have we been close to war. Our soil has not been ravaged for years and our women do not fight beside our men as in China. We are not machine-gunned in the streets as we dive for shelter underground as in England. None of these things have happened here—yet, but they most certainly can and will unless we do something about it. A year or so ago, President Roosevelt promised United States aid to Canada if we were invaded. Today that would be nearly impossible as the United States has enough, more than enough to do, to protect herself from the enemy. Today Canada must stand on her own feet, must supply her own materials of war, must protect herself.

Every Victory the Axis has won, has been won by sheer strength of machinery; while their superiority in tanks, ships, planes and arms continues, we can't possibly hope to win. It sounds absurd to most of us but people are still heard to say "We'll win in the end, we always do", but how can we win, without enough equipment?

After all we are not giving money to our country, we are only lending it, and getting interest on it at the same time; nearly everyone has money in the bank. Would you prefer to leave it there, so that one day it can be taken over by the Germans? Or would you prefer to invest it in Canada and in all for which Canada stands?

This, then, is my answer to the question—How does buying Victory Bonds help me and my family? This, then, is what I think and believe,—that Victory Bonds do more than help us, they protect us today, and insure our lives tomorrow as free Canadians.

BRIGIT BELL, *Upper V*



## JOHNNY'S GUN

Johnny had a gun and it was loaded,  
Johnny pulled the trigger and it exploded.

JILL McCONNELL, *Upper B.*

## *A West-African Cruise*

Really, I cannot think of any better or more pleasurable way to spend a holiday than on a cruise—The excitement before leaving and the hilarity while aboard, is something you should not miss if given the chance.—There is never a dull moment, and the only sad one is when you finally disembark at the end of the voyage.

I went on a West-African Cruise during the Christmas holidays, on that most illustrious ship, S.S. "Arandora Star": which has since been so ruthlessly sunk by the Germans.

We boarded her at Southampton not knowing a soul, but before half an hour was up we knew nearly everyone. The first night it was hard to sleep, not being accustomed to the movement of the ship, but what with racing around playing deck games, and one thing and another the following days, the nights were very easily overcome.

We were two days late arriving at our first port of call, which was Madeira, owing to a rough sea; so when we arrived it was already dark—Everyone streamed off the boat to see what the place was like, but were all a bit disappointed, as it was hard to find out that night, there being so few street lamps. Instead of cars, people went about in bullock-carts, which were drawn over the cobbled streets on sleighs instead of wheels. In one of these carts we visited a wine factory, which was very interesting indeed.

At midnight, we left port and went on our way to Freetown, Sierra Leone. As we pulled in, swarms of little nigger boys paddled out to meet us, in their funny little canoes—They make them out of the trunks of trees, which they split, and then burn the insides out. The boys who owned them were just as comical. One wore a loin cloth, a stiff collar and a tie, and perched on his head was a top hat. They shouted all the time for people to throw coins into the water, then they dived in after them—Our little friend with the top hat, however, did take it off before going in. The village streets were very narrow, and the natives sat along each side of the main one selling their goods. Here there was an outdoor fish market—you could not mistake that place very easily—and indoors they sold all different kinds of foods. It was in this indoor market place that one native woman, who seemed to have only one tooth in her head, which was in the centre front, stopped my father, and asked if she could be his adopted daughter—I cannot remember the answer that was given, but I just doubled up with laughter.

Our next port of call was Bathurst, Gambia, Here there were not even proper buildings, as it was only a native town; though they did have police, and some could speak English.

In the afternoon a war-dance took place—One of the men dressed entirely in sea-weed had an old rusty carving knife which he waved violently at my sister's throat.

When we pulled out, we were leaving for our last port of call, which was Tenerife, in the Canary Islands. Here they were very busy loading and unloading ships—The life they led was more like ours.



They had only a few street cars and buses, but people seemed to go about their work as they would in any big city.

Now as we were at sea for about five days on our homeward voyage, a competition was organized for deck games, in which everyone took part. There was also a gala night to look forward to, when everyone dressed up and acted the fool.

On pulling in at Southampton, no one could believe that the glorious trip had at last come to an end. I can assure you that they were the only sad moments we experienced.

Can you now see why I say you should never miss an opportunity to go on a Cruise, if there are any, after the war?

CYNTHIA SASSOON, *Middle V*



## GOLD OF GOD

Grey skies are driving past  
In melancholy path—  
Black trees are bare and stark,  
Bleak fields, with winter's mark,  
In all—the aftermath.

The wind so sad, the fields  
So barren and all the land  
So desolate and bare  
No bird at all would dare  
To sing and make his stand.

Beside a rock of steel,  
I see no host, no crowd—  
One golden daffodil,  
So beautiful and still  
My heart cries out aloud.

I see those perfect petals  
On a stalk like a vernal rod,  
Making a yellow cave,  
Nothing I shall ever have  
Will equal thee—Gold of God!

FRANCES BARNES, *Sixth Form*

## *Persons of Importance*

To day when we hear of people of importance we think of Mr. Churchill, leading the British Empire with fiery speeches, or Mr. Roosevelt, urging the Americans into war. We think of rough Stalin with all his powerful Russians, and we think that these are the important people who will drive Hitler's forces of darkness out of the world.

Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin will be the heroes in history, but we who are living in this war know that there are many other people who are important.

We know that all the ordinary people in England, old men, women, invalids and small children who kept going through air-raids and did not complain, we know that the young men of the R.A.F. who fought off Nazis bombers against tremendous odds, kept the Empire from sharing the fate of France.

I think these are all Persons of Importance.

Then there are the people who live farther away from the war, and have not had to be brave yet, but they have given up their fun to do Red Cross work, to work in ammunition factories, have taken evacuated children into their houses, or given up buying things they want for themselves in order to buy Victory Bonds and War Savings Stamps.

Perhaps everyone who is doing the best he can, whatever it may be, to help bring Peace to the world is really a Person of Importance.

JENNIFER PORTEOUS, *Upper Third*



### TWO ROBINS

Red vest and brown tailed coat,  
Ruddy shirt-front, a tie at the throat.  
That's robin all over again,  
Happy, bright and cheerful  
In sunshine or in rain!

We too can be like Robin,  
If we really wish to be,  
Though we may not have a scarlet breast  
Or jump from tree to tree!  
But we too can sing and whistle  
When our hearts are really sad,  
And leave good cheer behind us  
To make other people glad!

KATHERINE PATERSON, *Upper Third*

## The Storm

A door slammed. A drop of rain splashed on a window; and a violent wind rose. It howled and whistled around an old deserted mansion. The rain poured down in torrents, and thunder rolled across the dark skies. Suddenly, a vivid flash of lightning lighted up the earth, showing the mansion half hidden among tall mighty oak trees.

The apple trees in the orchard looked like weird men with bony, crooked arms, stretched out and twined together. Leaves and twigs twirled about them.

Little birds lay quivering and frightened in their nests; and animals crouched in their homes waiting till the storm should cease.

The windows of the mansion rattled, doors slammed and echoed through the empty house. Loose floor boards creaked. A voice from the depths of a forest screamed with fright as several trees were caught by lightning; and still the storm raged on.

Nearby a church lay with its grave yard. The lightning danced in between the grave stones, and it seemed as though the skeletons of the buried people rose up out of their graves, and floated about in the air, all heading for the high mountain which lay behind the village.

As suddenly as the storm started it ceased. Once again on earth everything was still. Soon the stars and the moon appeared in the skies. The church stood tall and mighty, guarded by many oak trees. The cemetery was once again quiet and mysterious. The grave stones cast weird shadows across the damp earth. The animals and birds were sleeping in their homes; and everything lay quiet and peaceful.

ELSPETH LINDSAY, *Upper IV*



### TOWN AND COUNTRY

Noise, noise everywhere,  
In the street and at the fair.  
In the streetcar, in the bus,  
Everywhere is noise and fuss.

But in the country field and lane,  
Everything is peaceful again.  
You can live a country life,  
And forget the city strife.

JENNIFER PORTEOUS, *Upper Third*



## The Bazaar

Who would have recognized the Study classrooms on the afternoon of October seventh, nineteen hundred and forty-one? The hall was crowded with parents and friends buying to help the war effort. The geography room swarmed with Study-ites filling themselves with ice cream, cake and drinks. Lower III room was no longer an arithmetic room but a book store where second-hand books and candy were sold. The English and Latin rooms were tea-rooms and in the History room a white elephant sale was in progress. The Study was holding a bazaar in aid of the Queen's Canadian Fund. We, too, were making a contribution to the war and we raised \$416.50—quite a substantial sum of money.

Most of the articles were made by the girls themselves and the following were exhibited in the hall:—babies' clothes, knitted goods, sewing, small wares, jams, preserves and candy. Much originality was shown, for example pine cones in cambric bags, painted wastebaskets, pine cushions, etc. First come, first served was the order of the day—and in this case the demand exceeded the supply. However it was agreed that it is better to have fewer articles and to sell them all, than to have a great supply and many left-overs.

The White Elephant Sale was a great success. The girls themselves were very interested in the jewelry and quickly bought up everything. If a few people desired the same article it was auctioned to the highest bidder. Miss Moore was the very able auctioneer. This event took place after tea and was great fun. Everyone was generous and the prices rocketed sky-high. There was no price-ceiling that day!

At about six p.m. many of us were eagerly counting the proceeds. Oh, how the money rolled in! When we discovered that we had exceeded the four hundred mark, we patted ourselves on the back. We certainly learned how to value goods, and we gained much experience in the managing of such an affair. A great deal of planning and organization went into the sale. Our minds were not entirely on our books during the preceding week. If you had walked into the Staff room you would have heard,—

"But Miss Moore, you are pricing this article far too low. After all, people coming with money to spend, why not let them spend it?"

"Ah yes, Madame, but if we price things too high nobody will buy them. I think I'd say \$1.00 for this doll."

"Impossible.—\$2.00 at least", retorts Madame.

"Well, let's say \$1.50"—and that's that.

Never before was the good old system of compromise of such use!

Besides having made a contribution to the war effort it was felt that the sale contributed greatly to our school life as it made for a friendlier feeling between the mistresses and the pupils. Everyone co-operated to the full, and united, we were most successful. It has been suggested to make the sale a yearly event. If so we are off to a good start—so here's to bigger and better bazaars!

MINDA BRONFMAN, *Sixth Form*

## MY DREAM

Once in my dreams I lay on the sand  
And looked across to a distant land,  
The more I looked the more I heard  
The magic song of a fairy word,  
And then I saw at the edge of the sea,  
A beautiful ship that was made for me,  
And I climbed in the ship and off I sailed,  
For those dream memories have never failed,  
For I'll always remember the ship and the land  
That night when I lay at the edge of the sand.

WILLA K. BENSON, *Lower III*



## NIGHT

The moon, a silvery disc of light,  
Swings across the sky,  
Cold, aloof, alone with night  
And the clouds scudding by.  
  
Silver bars of light rest  
Shimmering on the lake,  
Advancing, light each restless crest;  
Then darkness in its wake.  
  
The wind gently rocks the boat  
The water laps it round,  
Incessantly urges it to float  
Upon its waves, sea-bound.  
  
A little breeze, hungry for play,  
Rustles through the leaves,  
Is quickly hushed, for it is yet not day,  
And so he silently grieves.  
  
A dappled deer steps down to drink,  
Fear in his starry eyes,  
Timid and alert he laps at the drink—  
A noise, and away he hies.  
  
An owl hoots, a whip-poor-will  
Utters a lone call,  
The crickets are hushed, and all is still;  
Rest is on one and all.  
  
The moon sinks to the east, the sky  
Pales to misty grey,  
The last star winks good-bye,  
As dawn ushers in a new day.

JOY BALLON, *Upper IV*

# Star-Gazing

(Middle School Prize Essay)

In the cold brisk weather of December and January the snow lies all around packed hard from skiing. On a clear night without clouds or gusts of wind, it is a lovely thing to take a walk, a walk just for the pure joy of being out in the cool fresh air, and to star gaze.

It is cold as I saunter up the hill. I see the pale distant light of the stars and moon illuminating the patch of snow in front of me, dazzling the eye with its pretty way of shining on all bright things. The snow looks just like a patchwork quilt, for some parts sparkle and shine with light, while other are dull and shaded.

The sky at night is strangely different from what it is in day. In the day the sun flashes down upon us, setting all ablaze with light and heat. At night you can look up at a full moon and myriads of stars without blinking, for these cast a sweet soft light about; very different from the lights which shine on earth at night, for street-lights throw a very harsh light about, compared with the fairy-like dancing light of the stars.

I gaze upward as I meander along the top of the mountain. All is quiet and still. I leave behind me the noise and smoke of the city, and walk onward my shoes crunching on the snow; occasionally a bird shrieking startles me from my reveries; in that quiet place, at that strange hour, my thoughts wander from subject to subject, aimlessly.

As I look at the stars I think how beautifully shaped they are. Stars are so useful in their own way, ships were guided by them long ago. The stars though they were not bright, helped the men much, for the merchants, by learning on which side of their ship they must see the various planets, could by going to that side of them sail on, straight to their destination. They could not go out at night, if there were no stars to guide them on their way; So we might say that stars were the first compasses. Very faithful ones they were too, forever shining, although on some nights they were covered over by a great blanket of angry black clouds which swept over them, blotting out their light, by so coming between them and the upturned eyes of the sailors. At night the only light which warned the sailors of jagged rocks and precipices, was the faint but helpful light of the stars, reflected on the rolling sea. Light, which travelled all the way from the sky, all those thousands of miles to help them.

Long ago, when houses were but scantily lighted, and streets were dark and shadowy, for want of electric lights, stars were street lights. Their light was so dull, that people could hardly distinguish one thing from another, but still it endowed the people with hope, coming as it did from God, to brighten their homes during the dreary night.

It was a star, which led the shepherds from the hillside, where they minded their flocks, down the rough path dotted with briar and jagged rocks to the small town of Bethlehem. It kept moving before them, until it came to a small inn over the stable of that inn it rested; and the shepherds filled with awe entered; and there in a manger they found Jesus Christ. A star it



was that led the wise men from the Far East, to Bethlehem where Jesus was, right to the stable where he lay; For they recognized the star to be the kind which appeared when Kings or Princes were born; and followed it. It moved constantly before them, and was always bright and clear, never fading or disappearing. It lit all the heavens about it, displaying by the streak of light that followed it, the dark and thundry clouds; clouds, like those that hang over the world when all is not good.

Surely it was a wonderful thing that a star, just an ordinary star, should be the first thing used to spread the joyful tidings. It acted as a herald, showing people the way to the inn where Jesus lay; calling them from far and near, to come and see, by just moving steadily onward, silently, across the lonely sky till it reached the inn.

Now, however, stars are going almost completely out of use. No more are they needed as compasses or lights; but streetlights can burn out, our compasses can be broken; stars shine on forever. They are a true and constant guide book, and we would learn much, if only we took time to study it and learn about them. Little time do most people have in the hurry and bustle of the world of to-day to go out in the quiet of night, to feel the quietude, and to spend the time in gazing, just star-gazing.

BARBARA WALES, *Lower IV*



## CLOUDS

As I walked up the street one day,  
I found that my thoughts were drifting away  
Like the clouds that drift across the sky,  
Sedately and silently passing you by.

They will not stop for a human hand;  
They will not come down to earth to land  
And bow before kings, and princes, and lords,  
No, they will never submit to swords.

They will drift on with a languid air,  
Never once stopping to stand and stare.  
Nothing is wondrous to them, all is one,  
Even the great and glowing sun.

And if, when they scud 'cross the windswept sky  
We cock our noses a trifle too high,  
They will come down in a torrent of rain  
Until we're humble and silent again.

MARY K. HUGESSEN, *Upper IV*

## The Sea

The sea has always been a source of mystery and legend to human kind. Queer monsters were supposed to inhabit the deep, and old sailors told strange and exotic tales about them. Even in the ancient Greek fairy tale, "Perseus", there was a monster that was supposed to have come up out of the sea to devour Andromeda.

These various legends are far more numerous than those concerning other elements. One of the reasons why is probably that the sea is a very mysterious and moody element, more moody than any other, except perhaps the wind. There can be a wild storm one day, and a gentle calm the next. In winter the sea throws its frothy tongues of icy water up against the wharfs and piles, vainly trying to reach the ships at anchor in the calmer harbour, or it thunders against the rocks at the foot of a great lighthouse, which sends out its storm-ridden beams in every direction to guide ships safely off the reefs.

In summer, however, it laps peacefully on sandy beaches under a smiling sky, or dances merrily to the sound of the sea-mews crying out on the sandy spits enclosing a quiet harbour. Then the sea seems to be in a good humour, and allows small pleasure boats and fair-weather steamers to crawl slowly over its constantly changing back.

The sea has played quite a large part, too, in the memory of my travels. On the Atlantic, grey, heaving and foreboding, it was a seemingly endless stretch of deep water full of an infinite number of unknown and practically intangible beings to my fanciful mind. But all the same I am sure that it must have been a rather frightening journey over for at least a few of our English guests.

The Mediterranean was to me one of the gay, fun-loving versions of the moody sea, as gay as the pre-war countries that surround it, Spain, Italy, and France. Now, though many things have changed since we were last on the Continent, I still think that the Mediterranean sparkles and dances in the sun, with the waves like knives of silver cleaving into ribbons its blue, blue depths.

In the North Sea, the sea is gloomy, sullen, and often stormy, like a child of the great Atlantic in its tantrums, only tiny imitations of an Atlantic storm. But bad enough for a small boat, we discovered.

Of course, the sea is a very important element. The discoveries would have been made much sooner if there had been no sea. Countries would be very dry and arid were it not for the sea, for it determines much of our weather as well as the lives of many humans. Also, mass transportation would be much slower if it were not for the sea and ships. And the loss of the sea would mean the partial loss of a very agreeable and succulent food—fish.

I have never seen the Pacific, but my imagination and many books that I have read tell me what it must be like. Very deep, and calm, and blue, with a light wind fanning the aquamarine waves towards a cool island or two, set like green emeralds in the peaceful ocean.

It is this way that I picture it, though it is probably very different. Also, I think of it as dangerous when aroused, but hard to arouse from what I have read. Cortez and his followers were justified when they looked down upon the great Pacific from Darien, and murmured to their companions that this was the most beautiful ocean in the world, for the Pacific is indeed one of the most beautiful representations of the sea that there is.

No wonder, then, that earliest man worshipped the sea as a spirit, that elusive, mysterious element that the British Empire owes its greatness to! And we the coming generation of Britain, should treasure it and protect it, if need be, with our lives, because it is our heritage.

NANCY BIGNELL, *Upper IV*



## BOOKS

Oh why are books such awkward things  
To carry down the stairs?  
Or even in the classrooms, you  
Bump into desks and chairs,  
Or walking in the passages  
You drop one on the floor,  
Bend down to pick it up again  
And scatter more and more.

Odd papers strew about the place  
And pencils fall around.  
You grab them all and tear along  
Giving a joyous bound;—  
They slip, and slither, and are gone.  
The process they repeat.  
Wearily you gather them  
And stagger to your feet . . . . .

VICKIE REYNOLDS, *Upper V*



## *There is Nothing so Much Alive as the Woods*

I am one of many who love the woods. I love them for their solitude and their sympathy and their silence. But it is the life in the woods that makes them so. By life I mean more than animals and birds, I mean the silent life. It is the trees that make the woods so sympathetic. When you look around at the tree trunks, they seem to be silently agreeing to, and fitting in with your mind. You lean against the rough tree-trunk, and the tree seems to be quietly bidding you welcome, and treating you to all the joys of a welcome guest.

On the other hand, if you are in an energetic mood, the leaves seem to laugh down at you, and beckon to you, and invite you to come up and crouch in the heart of some great tree. Often their invitations prove irresistible.

The animal life of the woods fascinates me. Nothing thrills me so much as the sight of a hole, belonging to some unknown little animal of the woods, or the track of a deer in the tell-tale snow.

I think life in the woods means more to us, as Canadians, than it does to most other nations. When one thinks of a maple, one naturally thinks of a tree in the midst of woods. At the mention of a beaver, I see in my mind's eye, a little lake, surrounded by woods; a dam with beavers working on it and cutting down trees.

There is certainly plenty of life in the woods. One walks along a woodland path and an insect scuttles out of one's way, a bird chirps happily in a bush, and all the woods cry out with the joy of living. Truly, there is nothing so much alive as the woods.

MARY K. HUGESSEN, *Upper IV*



### THE BEETLE

I know a beetle  
Who lives down a drain.  
His coat's very shiny  
But terribly plain.

When I take a bath  
He comes up the pipe,  
Together we wash  
Together we wipe.

ANGELA JOHNS, *Lower A.*

## *The Most Exciting Time of My Life*

When I was in the country last summer, it was a lovely day and we were in swimming. The water was rather cold but not too cold to be out on the big raft. Suddenly we saw a black cloud overhead and started to swim into shore. It was rather hard because we were going against the tide and trying to go fast and get there before it started to rain.

We were just halfway inland when it began to rain. It came down so fast that you could not see two feet away.

We got home to the house just in time to see the lightning hit the raft. It went up like a fire cracker and the next minute there were a lot of logs floating all over the lake.

ANN HUTCHISON, *Upper A.*



### SPRING

I have a feeling  
That the spring is coming,  
The snow is melting and the trees are budding all the time;  
The streets are very splashy,  
The grass is very mushy,  
For the spring is very slushy in our Canadian clime.

JENNIFER PORTEOUS, *Upper Third*



### MY RABBIT

I had a little rabbit,  
He ran away to play,  
But I could never find him,  
Because he ran away.  
I thought I saw him,  
Late last night,  
Beside the garden gate,  
But when I went to catch him,  
I found I was too late.

FRANCES BUSHELL, *Upper B.*

## How to Bake a Cake

Baking a cake is great fun. Of course it is not as easy as some people think. You have to follow the recipe very carefully and also use a little of what is meant to be in your head. Greasing the pans is rather a messy job, but if you like to get covered in butter, you may roll up your sleeves and go right to work with a look of joy on your face. After you have got everything that you need laid out on the table, you may start pouring in the things and then beat. Beating is very good exercise for the arms, and if you want to become thin around those parts and also bulging with muscles, bake lots of cakes. Also if you want to stay thin all over, stop tasting the mixture every time you put something new in the bowl. It may taste awfully good and it is probably a great temptation to go on eating and eating, but after all, you do want some cake left to bake.

I think it is about time now to put the cake in the oven, if you are sure you have got everything in and well-mixed. You had better make sure that your oven is at the right temperature, because you would not like anything to happen to it after all the hard work and time you have spent on it. All right, —slam the door quickly and please do not keep opening it to peep in and see if it is done. Once the door is shut let it stay like that. If the time is up now, you had better get out a long straw because you will have to punch your cake to see if it is completely baked. Don't be too pleased with yourself if your cake comes out nicely browned and with no sag in the middle, because the great test will come when you taste it, and then only may you decide whether your husband is going to have indigestion or not. Oh, and don't forget there is the icing to make, but that won't take you long, and I don't think you will need any help with it. Good cooking, ladies, and good-bye for now.

SHEILA CLARKSON, *Middle V.*



### IF YOU EVER THINK OF US

Oh, please don't think too harshly of the Sixth,  
Because we try to be the friends  
Of the whole school, and do the duties fixed  
For us to carry out. To reach the ends  
We want, I know that we should never "boss",  
But I'm ashamed to say we do, and cross  
We sometimes get at everybody too.  
—In fact your criticisms are quite true.—  
Remember though that someday you will be  
A girl too in a Sixth Form and that she  
Will have to do the same things, pleasantly,  
That we do now. And do not envy us  
Our privileges,—we only get them plus  
A good deal of responsibility.

CLAIRE FISHER, *Sixth Form.*



## *My Trip to Canada*

Mummy had told us we might be coming to Canada. She had bought us lots of new clothes in case.

Well, one day when Robin and myself had just been swimming we were very late coming home, because the dogs would not come. As soon as we got home, we put our bicycles in the shed. We went in to the kitchen and found Jessie, the cook, on the phone.

"Sorry we're late, but what's the matter?" I asked. "Get your bicycles and go into Mr. Black's shop and get your pictures taken". "For heaven sake, what for?" Robin asked. "Go on and don't ask questions." Poor Jessie was all a-flutter.

Off we went into Stratford. When we got there, Robin said to me, "You go first". "All right", I replied, A man took us to Mr. Black.

"Look up" he said. I was looking at the ceiling before he was satisfied!

The day before we left, there was a great bustle, everywhere was a mess, clothes, trunks, and things were lying around.

When we left everyone came and said, "Good-bye" I hope you have a nice time". It really was awful. We didn't talk much on the way. Nearly all the time I looked at the floor of the car.

At last Daddy honked the horn, I got such a scare. I looked up and saw a train coming down the street.

Mummy and Daddy took us up into a house where we stood in a queue for about half an hour. At last we came to the counter and a man told us to sign our names. We did that and went out.

"Here are the passports, Robin," said Mummy. We went on board and Mummy and Daddy had lunch with us. We had chicken and peas (which tasted like dust).

After lunch we went down into the cabin and explored the boat a bit. At half past two Mummy and Daddy had to go off the boat.

Our cabin was number one hundred and sixty. We were alone. Robin slept in the top bunk and I was in the bottom one. We were surrounded by yelling babies and a yapping dog. It was impossible to get to sleep at night.

The first day nothing happened, except that we made friends with a girl called Susan Oatfield, and when we were playing tag I almost fell overboard.

The second day we decided to explore the gunner's deck. We climbed up the stairs and a crabby old man came.

"Scram, didn't you see the notice?" he yelled. "No", Susan replied, and we hurried down stairs.

The next few days nothing happened except that I was sea-sick.

One morning Susan came running into the cabin.

"Wake up" she yelled.

"What's the matter"?

"Icebergs" and she was gone. We were dressed in a minute. When we got on deck, we saw huge icebergs. One looked like a castle, one looked like a house and there were lots of other shapes too.

We could not see the coast of Canada because of a thick fog.

The day we landed in Montreal, we were only allowed on one deck. When we were about 600 yards away from the dock a tug came and pulled us in. There were pieces of paper floating around the boat and one of them had writing on it. It was a menu.

"Roast beef for lunch" said Robin.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well look at that," he retorted.

"Where? Oh, I see."

By this time men were throwing ropes. A French man came aboard and yelled at me. I did not understand so I turned away. It was 6 o'clock when we docked and now it was seven. We went to the first class nursery, where we had been told to wait. We waited for ages. At last we were called for and we went onto the Dock. We got our trunk and we went and met Aunt Jessie. We had seen her in England once. I did not recognize her but Robin did. She took us to the car and Robin started to chat.

PAULINE BRACKENBURY, *Upper A.*



#### AMERICA ENTERS THE WAR. (Written in August 1941)

A fiery pit was smouldering red;  
The sky around was black;  
An earthquake rent the air in twain,  
Leaving a gaping crack.

Between this fissure and the flames  
Two silhouettes stood out,  
Great fearsome warriors, armed with fire,  
Struggled and swayed about.

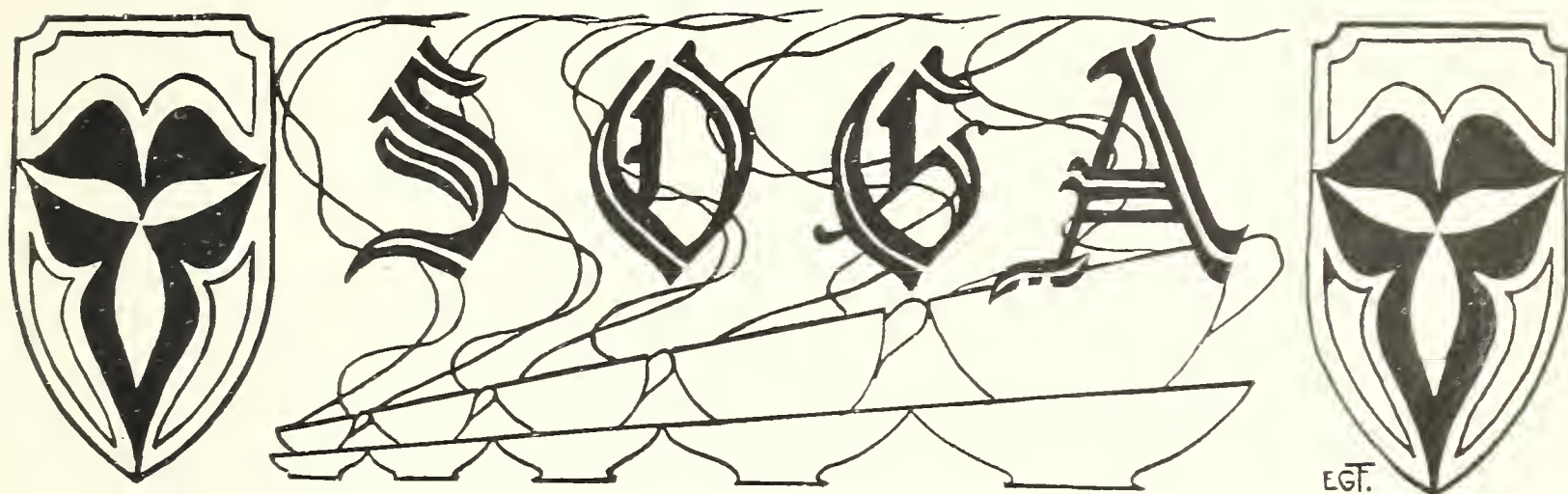
The largest of these ghostly men  
Was recognized as Might.  
He was the larger, fiercer one.  
The other's name was Right.

They grappled on the narrow strand,  
Struggling in silent hate.  
Would others come to aid these two  
Or would they be too late?

Might was gaining the upper hand,  
And Right was tiring fast,  
When suddenly the air was rent  
With a resounding blast.

A third man came, a warrior strong  
Who took his stand with Right.  
The tide is turned, who now can doubt  
The issue of the fight?

SHEILA MERCER, *Sixth Form*



## LIST OF OFFICERS

*President*  
EMILY ADAMS

*Honorary President*  
MISS HARVEY

*Vice-President*  
PAMELA DILLINGHAM

*Secretary*  
ALICE PATCH

*Treasurer*  
MARGERY HUTCHISON

MRS. CHARLES FURSE  
PERCIVAL MACKENZIE

*Committee*  
  
MARGERY NELSON

ESTELLE HOLLAND  
SHEILA-BELL MAPPIN



## *President's Report*

Another active year of the Study Old Girls Association will come to a close with the twenty-second General Meeting and Luncheon in June.

At the annual business meeting in November, the officers for the year 1941 — 1942 were elected, and the new members were welcomed into the Association.

Once again, many of the Old Girls enjoyed singing Carols with the School, at Christmas time.

The magazine this year has not, as usual, been edited by the S. O. G. A., but by the VI Form, who were very keen to take over the job, as the Old Girls are all extremely busy at various kinds of war work, and only asked us for a little financial help. They are to be congratulated for a very successful issue.

In closing, I would like to thank my committee for carrying on without me, during my illness, I hope to be more help to them in the future.

Respectfully submitted,

EMILY ADAMS



## OLD GIRLS NEWS

Dear Editors:

Each year, as the list of S. O. G. A. members grows longer, it becomes more difficult to tell the school of all the things that the Old Girls are doing. Study girls are engaged in so many activities that to recount them in detail would take up the whole magazine, and that, I understand, I am not expected to do. However, before I gather the Old Girls into neat little bundles headed "among those who are doing...", I am going to tell you of some whose achievements deserve your extra special attention.

Delta Beta should be very proud of *Dorothy Benson* who gave the house its name. Dorothy has been doing a great deal of skating this winter at the Winter Club, and finished up in a blaze of glory by winning four championships in one evening—the Senior Pairs, the Fox-trot, the Ten-step, and the Waltz. She and her partner placed third of all Canada in the Canadian Figure Skating Championships which were held in Winnipeg, and she is now a Gold Medal judge of the Canadian Figure Skating Association. During the winter Dorothy found time to work on the War Loan, and is now taking a course in St. John's Ambulance.

The School should be interested, too, to hear about *Anne Armstrong*, one of Miss Seath's most successful pupils. Last year Anne won a scholarship at the Fogg Museum in Boston, and this year she has won an even more valuable scholarship at the same Museum, and is continuing her studies in Fine Arts.

I'm sure that the school will join the Old Girls in sending heartiest congratulations to *Mrs. David Walker* (Willa Magee), who placed First of All Canada in the C. W. A. A. F. examinations for provisional officers. She is now Section Officer Willa Walker, and has a responsible part in training the airwomen from all over Canada.

There are other Study girls in the two newly-formed women's auxiliaries. *Joan Patch* and *Barbara Kemp* are Assistant Section Leaders in the C. W. A. A. F., and are stationed at Ottawa and near Winnipeg, respectively, while *Evelyn Capon* is in training as an Airwoman. *Geraldine Hanson* is with the C. W. A. C. in Kingston, and *Margot McDougall*, and *Gillian Hessay-White* are in the same unit, training at Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

Congratulations to *Mrs. A. A. Hugman* (Marjorie Price) who has been in England, and was mentioned in dispatches for her work in the A. T. S. there. Marjorie is now in Montreal, but she is hoping to go back to England very soon.

At McGill University two of our Old Girls have been doing outstanding work. *Dorothy Osborne*, who is one of the Residents at Royal Victoria College, is doing War Research on Blood Preservation in the Biochemistry Department, while *Beatrice Norsworthy* has finished a year as demonstrator in Biochemistry to first year Medical students.

*Kathie Macdonald*, another of our scientists has been teaching Biology at Brearly School in New York, and is going to be at Winsor School in Brookline, Mass. next year.

Kathie's sister, *Margie Macdonald* is the head nurse of the Women's Ward in the Montreal General Hospital.

Back to Montreal to tell you about *Mrs. Andrew McKellar* (Phoebe Nobbs) under whose capable hands raising money for the Red Cross and the I. O. D. E. has been given a new and original twist. Phoebe has organized a series of entertaining and successful Play-Readings for the Red Cross, and this spring saw the second of her costume shows for the I. O. D. E.

And now for the "bundles" I mentioned earlier. Shall we take for our first one the Junior League? A great many of the Old Girls are doing League work, and *Mrs. Archibald Hodgson* (Anne Hyde) has just retired from a most successful year as president. I think you will be interested to know that ten of our Old Girls served on the Board, or as Committee chairmen last year.

The Red Cross claims many of us as workers, and besides joining knitting and sewing groups, several of the Old Girls are sporting the Grey, Khaki, and Navy Blue uniforms of the Office Administration, Transport, and Nursing Auxiliary Corps.

*Mary Fry* is doing interesting work in the Speech Clinic of the Children's Memorial Hospital, *Mary Harling* is a nurse at the Royal Victoria Hospital, while *Mrs. Clare Tanton* (Philippa Hutchins) and *Barbara MacCallum* are receptionists there. Barbara has been continuing her singing, and took part in an opera given at His Majesty's Theatre in aid of "Wings For Britain".

At the Montreal General Hospital we find *Marjorie Schofield* and *Betty Beveridge* as technicians, *Mrs. Frank Stuart* (Peggy Kingstone) as a Social Service worker, and *Joan Clarkson*, *Aurelia Walker*, and *Jane Molson* as student nurses.

Those working in war jobs include *Mrs. Murray Cassils* (Grace Flintoft) and *Alice Patch* who are with the United Kingdom Inspection Board, *Sydney Fisher* who is working in munitions with the D. I. L. at Verdun, and *Jean Gordon* who is with the D. I. L. at Brownsburg P. Q. *Janet Hutchison* is a stenographer at the Ferry Command, and *Ruth Mary Penfield*—the envy of us all—is with the American Embassy in London, England.

Dear Editors, will you bear with me little longer? I thought I had finished, but I have forgotten to tell you that there are eleven Old Girls who are at McGill, and who are probably just now recovering from a bad attack of examinations. Let us all wish first class results to:—

Joan Anderson	Patsy Hanson
Audrey Bovey	Margery Hutchison
Martha Chadwick	Priscilla Loble
Peggy Davis	Sheila-Bell Mappin
Jackie Hale	Marion Savage

and Miriam Tees.

*Barbara Hawkes*, *Margery Nelson* and *Florence Grimaldi* are taking business courses, and in closing, let us wish them the best of results as well.

Respectfully submitted,

BARBARA WHITLEY



## ENGAGEMENTS

Katherine Gurd	to	Cecil Currie.
Percival Mackenzie	to	Lieut. Fred Ritchie.
Althea Morris	to	Flight-Lieut. Maclean Carr-Harris.
Beatrice Norsworthy	to	Dr. David Murphy.

## MARRIAGES

Ruth Duclos	to	Robert Hannan.
Patricia Hale	to	P. O. Douglas Laird.
Dorothea Hamilton	to	Chas. Cunningham.
Joan Hodgson	to	Lieut. John Pullam.
Norah Richardson	to	Lieut. Hayden Bryant.
Philippa Hutchins	to	Dr. Clare W. Tanton.
Betsy MacDonald	to	S. H. Stovel.
Marjorie Price	to	Major A. A. Hugman.
Hilda Shaw	to	John Shippley.



## S. O. G. A. MEMBERS

(All the addresses of the members, except these, are the same as last year and can be found in the 1941 Magazine.)

Brodie: Mrs. Edgar (Betty Knox)	41 Kilbarray Rd., Toronto	
Budden: Mrs. Arthur (Margaret Stairs)	c/o 3441 Peel St.	Pl. 3930
Cape: Mrs. John (Betty Ogilvie)	Cartierville, Que.	By. 1281
Carter: Mrs. John (Viva Johnson)	c/o 3206 The Boulevard, Westmount	We. 5918
Cushing: Mrs. J. C. (Ethel Lamplough)	7 Parkside Place	Wi. 4672
Cunningham: Mrs. Chas. (Dorothea Hamilton)	Caripito, Venezuela, c/o S. O. V.	
Farrell: Mrs. Mark (Joanna Wright)	163 East 95th St., New York.	
Grimaldi: Florence	4820 Western Ave.,	Wi. 4938
Hanson: Patricia	1227 Sherbrooke St.,	La. 4521
Hugman: Mrs. A. A. (Marjorie Price)	64 Forden Crescent	We. 5953
Hawkes: Barbara	25 Bellevue Rd.	We. 2557
Jones: Rebecca & Marjorie	461 Mount Pleasant Ave.	Fi. 3974
Keator: Mrs. A. (Shelagh Young)	661 Belmont Ave.	We. 3588
Laird: Mrs. Douglas (Patsy Hale)	Apt. 6, 164 Daly Ave., Ottawa	
Law: Mrs. David (Helen Davis)	"Lawiston" Hudson Heights, Que.	
Logan: Mrs. Phillip (Elizabeth MacDougall)	1528 Pine Ave.	Fi. 9550
MacCallum: Barbara	498 Wood Ave.,	We. 1585
Maxwell: Mrs. H. S. (Betty Kemp)	10 Mott St., Halifax	
McConnell: Mrs. John (Audrey Lyman)	147 Esplanade Street, Sydney N. S.	
MacDougall: Margot	3062 The Boulevard	Fi. 1837
Meighan: Mrs. Theodore (Peggy Robinson)	3070 The Boulevard	Fi. 6600
Nelson: Margery	4163 Western Ave.	Fi. 4333
Osborne: Dorothy	Royal Victoria College	La. 3041
Ross: Mrs. Alan (Dorothy Hyde)	4787 Meridian Ave.	De. 2343
Saegert: Mrs. J. M. (Anne Fyshe)	72 Delisle Ave., Toronto	
Smith: Mrs. Meredith (Helen Scott)	10 Braeside Place	We. 3142
Stairs: Mrs. John (Shirley Goodall)	3421 Drummond St.	Pl. 2613
Staniforth: Mrs. Harold (Marion Hart)	5630 Decelles Ave.	Ex. 1808
Starkey: Mrs. Hugh (Charlotte Stairs)	3441 Peel St.	Pl. 3930
Thom: Mrs. Alex (Daphne Sare)	6520 Decelles Ave.	At. 1726
Thompson: Mrs. K. B. (Mary Lyman)	121 Breslay Rd., Pointe Claire; Tel: Pt. Claire 452	
Vaughan: Mrs. R. P. (Cynthia Hingston)	McGregor St.	Fi. 8465
Walbank: Virginia	3064 The Boulevard	Wi. 5744
Walker: Mrs. David (Willa Magee)	c/o 3767 Cote des Neiges Rd.	Fi. 1470
Williamson: Anne	3 Hudson Ave.	We. 1847
Winslow: Mrs. Kenelm (Marjorie Stevenson)	Kingston, Ontario.	





